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personages in the story to misunderstand the mountain woman in a manner that seems improbable, thereby doing all of them an injustice.

This excellent piece of bookmaking, from the University Press, is published by the Chicago firm of Way & Williams.

FROM JAPAN.

Most cultivated Japanese are wont to say they have no literature that an English-speaking people could enjoy, and this is no doubt largely true, from the extreme difficulty of taking their point of view. There are, however, a limited number of their romances, myths and poems, which, through the co-laboration of various English and American with Japanese scholars, have been translated for general reading. Chief among these is "The Loyal Ronins," esteemed by Japanese their greatest classic in pure romance, which was admirably rendered into English by Shiichiro Saito and the late Edward Greey some fifteen years ago.

A volume which contains under the rather misleading title of "Sunrise Stories," papers on various myths and poems, some account of their worship of Buddha, various representations of the drama and stage effects, and abridged versions of famous stories and novels, as collected and arranged by Roger Riordan and Tozo Takayanagi, is now before the public. The origin of the Japanese gods, as given here, is as poetic as that of the Greek gods and closely resembles their myths. Their sun-gods and moon-gods, the gradual evolution of the half-gods, the making of man and endowing the earth with fertility, is the same beautiful story to be found in the beginnings of every religion. The miracle stories, also, are paralleled by those of Christian countries. It is only in the form of their verse and the character of their romances that they widely differ from European nations.

These romances, when they are not political like the Ronins, are fanciful to the last degree; as unreal as a fairy story, and as artistic as the work of their brushes and pigments. Indeed, it is difficult to say whether the artistic vein, always uppermost in this interesting people, works more spontaneously with the brush or pen; their pictures are romances, their poems are pictures. Wonderful country, where every woman is named for a flower, every man for some phase of nature—a moral attribute.

The Sunrise stories include versions of the "Loyal Ronins," "The Victim of Love," here given as the adventures of a "Vagabond Priest," besides many other tales less widely known.

Perhaps the most interesting chapter, from some points of view, is the concluding one, in which Mr Takayanagi gives his personal reminiscences of the revolution of the '60's in Japan. The book, which is appropriately bound, with Japanese designs on cover and title page, is published by the Scribners.

FROM THE GERMAN POINT OF VIEW.

The new woman has so long been the subject of discussion that all, even her advocates, have become weary of it and willing to hear the praises of the old order; or, as the newspaper wit has it, the "newer" woman, who believes in domesticity and the pronouncedly feminine attitude.

But few perhaps will agree with the views of Laura Masholm Hausson, whose sketches of "Six Modern Women" have been translated from the German by Hermione Ramsden, and are published in this country by Roberts Brothers.

The six representative women are the two Russian geniuses, Sonia Kovalevsky and Marie Baskirtseff; Eleonora Duse; an English writer (happily unfamiliar in America), George Egerton; the Norwegian novelist, Amalie Skram, and Madame Kovalevsky's friend and biographer, Mme. Edgren-Leffler.

The reader naturally expects to find close studies of the intellectual and spiritual gifts of these talented women, and a discussion of their work, but finds no such thing. Laura Hausson remarks in her preface: "I have little

to do with Marie Baskirtseff's pictures in the Luxembourg, Sonia Kovalevsky's doctor's degree, Anne Edgren-Leffler's stories and social dramas, Eleonora Duse's success as a tragedian in both worlds, and with all that has made their names famous and is publicly known of them." She adds: "There are some hidden peculiarities in woman's soul which I have traced in the lives of these six representative women."

Laura Hausson is not exact when she makes this statement, for she means only one peculiarity, and that is the lack of a happy marriage in each and every instance. This she partly lays to fate, partly to modern education, and partly to lack of art in the person; at least, in the case of Madame Kovalevsky, she says: "Her failure was entirely due to her ignorance of the art of flirtation—an art which is as old as time, and to which men have been accustomed since the world began."

Still, that cannot have been the whole reason,—this sad ignorance of the art of flirtation,—even in Sonia's case, for she wrote. To be sure; it was chiefly on mathematical subjects, though she essayed the drama, verse, fiction and essays; but she certainly wrote much, and Laura Hausson declares authoritatively that "the woman who attempts to write without a man to shield her, to throw a protecting arm around her, is an unfortunate, incongruous being." Sonia Kovalevsky had a husband, so that these strictures ought not to apply to her; but the author is, with sad inconsistency, more impressed with her unfortunate, incongruous state than that of any one of the six; though she pities them all, even Amalie Skram, who is, one would suppose, happily married, and whose husband, while he perhaps does not "shield her," since Laura Hausson especially says he "cautiously pushes" her instead, has, so she declares, "liberated her fresh, wild, primitive nature from the parasites of social problems; the experienced critic saw that her strength lay in her keen observation, her happy incapacity for reasoning and moralizing."

There have been many, both men and women, who have had a "happy incapacity for reasoning." It is by no means an unusual state of mind, though the author seems strangely pleased with it.

Women have, according to this writer, formerly been worse than was supposed, for "they have been for the most part, either directly or indirectly, the expression of a great falsehood." But "now that woman is conscious of her individuality as a woman, she needs an artistic mode of expression. It is with this feeling, almost Bacchanalian, that Mrs. Eger-ton hurls forth her playful stories." It is extraordinary to see how this writer manages, by her unbridled use of language, to make every one of whom she speaks detestable in spite of themselves. She would even cast a blight on Martha Washington.

There is no value in any of her statements, they are so warped and distorted. Sonia Kovalevsky, whom she characterizes as "a rare, strange being in this world of mignonette pots and trivialities," was an erratic, half-civilized genius, eccentric to the verge of insanity; so exacting as to tire out the meekest of friends; a woman impossible to have been made happy under any circumstances.

Marie Baskirtseff was a perfect example of pure egotism. She was also, like Sonia Kovalevsky, a Tartar, though covered with a fine French veneering, and she died because she was too vain to sacrifice her small share of beauty. All this sentimental vamping, such as "Six Modern Women" is made up of, is worse than nonsense.

The fact that Laura Hausson is widely read and greatly admired throughout Germany seems to offer a curious commentary on the taste of her fellow-countrymen and women.

SOME PLAYS FOR THE CLOSET.

Henry B. Fuller, who gave the public two romances full of sentiment, at a time when sentiment was being outgrown, and followed these by other novels as realistic as the former had been romantic, now offers in "The Puppet Booth" a series of twelve short plays intended for the closet only. Nevertheless, there are at least two, "Afterglow" and "The